

The Critic and Good Literature

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Cutting Adrift.

READING 'Eothen' a few months ago, I was vaguely impressed with a certain air of antiquity, which seemed to pervade it. The difference was one of tone, of attitude, rather than of method or quality; and though almost intangible, it remained constant and unmistakable. The 'personal equation' appeared insufficient to account for the fact, for the same criticism held good of Hawthorne, whose morbid vein is the very opposite of Kinglake's boyish exuberance. A few days ago I began the perusal of Mrs. Shelley's fantastic romance of 'Frankenstein,' and before I had finished a dozen pages the old impression returned. In 'Frankenstein' the chill atmosphere of the vault is everywhere; one's feeling of foreignness, of remoteness, increases at every turn; the whole current of the author's thought seems to flow through forsaken channels to a ruined and silent port. And yet the gap from 'Eothen' to 'Frankenstein,' wide as it is, seems as nothing compared with the chasm, the abyss, that opens between the literature of the past generation and that of the present. Changes of taste have occurred, as a matter of course; but ideas have changed still more. For my own part, I can more readily enter into the spirit of 'Tom Jones' than that of 'Alton Locke,' written a century later; for Fielding deals with manners, with man the animal, with the material aspect of things, in all of which there is a certain persistence or recurrence, while Kingsley treats largely of ideas, and in ideas we have undergone a revolution. I speak advisedly. To my mind, few revolutions have been equally momentous. Perhaps for practical purposes the new epoch may be said to commence with the year 1870, although of course it is impossible to date the growth of an influence. I refer only to the best and most characteristic English and American writers; there are many living authors who share the spirit of the age imperfectly. George Eliot crossed the Jordan in advance of the host; Holmes has attained to Pisgah; Ruskin remains in the wilderness. Nor can one define with precision the effects of the change which has occurred. A new artistic method, such as that of Howells and James, is easily recognized; but where the difference is one of spirit rather than of form, the critical faculty is slower of apprehension. A few of the more pronounced symptoms will be indicated later on; but there are numerous other points of difference, minute in themselves, yet considerable in the aggregate, which go to make up the totality of one's impressions. There has been an entire displacement of certain conventions, and the visible result varies largely with the temperament of the writer. In my estimation, however, these varying results are largely traceable to a single cause—the spread of modern scientific ideas, especially of those which are associated with the names of Darwin and Spencer.

It is far from my purpose to discuss the merits of the old ideas and the new; I simply wish to affirm that, rightly or wrongly, this change has passed upon us, and our whole

mental attitude is unconsciously affected by it, even when our themes are as remote from the vexed question as 'Shakespeare and the musical glasses,' the Cypriote antiquities or Terry's smile. Nor will the limits of this essay permit more than the briefest enumeration of a few of the sharper points of contrast. The change, indeed, is chiefly one of atmosphere, and one has to read between the lines for many of the indications of its presence. These subtler shades of difference must be left to the reader's own discernment. The scientific spirit, then, has had a double effect; we study nature more, and we respect tradition less. In the critical frame of mind thus engendered, we feel a certain superficiality, a certain triviality, in much of the English literary product of the past generation. Crotchets were vented with the utmost freedom; even in the works of a quasi-philosophical character one constantly meets with crude notions, narrow views. What a lack of consistency one finds in many of Dickens's creations! A quick if not a profound observer, with a happy faculty of characterization, he will add and alter in pure wilfulness, or in compliance with the taste of his readers, until what might have been a fine portrait is reduced to a half-likeness or a veritable caricature. Howells would rather chop off his hand than make such a sacrifice of truth and artistic unity. Dickens is often content to take a single feature, to imagine a single motive, and to let padding do the rest. Such characters as Ralph Nickleby, Edith Dombey, Mrs. Clennam, Tackleton, are simply impossible; you will search in vain for their like among the companions of Rosamond Vincy, Bartley Hubbard, Newman, Poquelin. These are serious personages; if I had chosen figures of comedy the contrast would have been still more complete. The walking-gentleman and doll-heroine, too, have almost vanished from fiction. Poetic justice no longer sways the destinies of our mimic world. Our villains prosper on ill-gotten gains, our heroes starve in spite of their virtues. Art no longer attempts to override general laws; so much is due to the influence of science. Indeed, the reaction in this respect has been excessive; neither gods nor men can endure the truncated climax, the discordant final note, of many of our latest romances. But in one point at least our artistic gain has been unmixed. Our authors no longer take sides for or against their characters; their men and women are no longer all black or white, all blessed or banned. Thackeray himself, admirable realist as he is, carries his prejudices into his art, and will have us love as he loves and hate as he hates. Modern romancers have more fellow-feeling with their kind; they say with Terence, 'Myself a man, naught human I disown.' The moralist may still survive in the artist, but certainly if the fable does not carry its own moral, it has been marred in the telling.

But it is on the ethico-social and ethico-theological sides that science has left its deepest mark in literature. The cut-and-dried formulas of our ancestors will no longer serve to conjure with. Our old tests have themselves been dissolved in a new and stronger acid. We take nothing for granted. Doubt and hesitation, which formerly seemed to require apology or excuse, are now insisted upon. How confidently Ruskin and Reade plant themselves upon the moral sentiment of their day! Their obstreperous crew and strut remind one constantly of Tennyson's 'fat-faced curate, Edward Bull.' True, theirs is a positive temperament; but Trevelyan inherits his uncle's temperament, and yet the difference in tone between Macaulay's essays and the 'Early History of Charles James Fox' is plain. Carlyle thunders and lightens, and we yawn behind our hands. When he proclaims: 'Thy daily life is girt with wonder and based on wonder; thy very blankets and breeches are miracles;' or again: 'Produce! produce! were it but the pitifullest infinitesimal fraction of a product, produce it in God's name!' we are unmoved. His emphasis strikes us as artificial, his conclusions as feeble; it is the mountain and the mouse once more. Optimism

satisfies us no better than pessimism. Tennyson awakens no echo in our hearts when he sings how

'Light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the seasons of the golden year.'

Our illusions stand or fall together. We smile both at the thought and the image contained in the familiar lines which describe the suffrage as a weapon

'That executes the freeman's will,
As lightning does the will of God.'

How many of our younger authors can place their hands on their hearts and say Amen to Longfellow's 'Psalm of Life,' that gospel of the last generation? Duty? yes! but what is duty? Charity used to be extolled as one of the first of duties; now they tell us charity is weakness. 'Who will show us any good?'

I spoke above of a certain triviality which seems to characterize the work of former writers. Much of our work would undoubtedly appear equally trivial to them, could they revisit the glimpses of the moon. The minute detail with which commonplace conversations are nowadays transcribed is apt to weary even the contemporary reader. But we bury ourselves in these trifles of set purpose; things small and great are of equal importance in our eyes. We whistle to keep our courage up. Disillusion has quenched our cheer, but the smile is not yet extinct. Persiflage is King. Gilbert peoples a topsy-turvy world with jesting shadows to amuse us. Carlyle was wont to preach of earnestness, earnestness: to what purpose? what have we to be earnest about? We have an abiding sense of the futility of things; the iron has entered into our souls. We do not burn what once we adored, for that would imply zeal, and of zeal we have a plentiful lack. We have simply lost our bearings. What has occurred has been rather a *bouleversement* than a revolution; we have been sent spinning out of our orbit by a sudden shock, and are gathering our wits together. One must not demand too much of the turtle that lies upon its back.

There is a tragic side to this state of things. The new light is cold and joyless. Our horizon has widened, but its outline has grown vague, vague. The mirage with its lying landscape has disappeared; but it brings us no encouragement to see clearly the naked and trackless desert around us. Thoroughly in sympathy with the modern spirit as I am, there is nevertheless something which constrains me to reverse the part of Balaam, and to curse where I desire to bless. Culture is the fetish of the age, but culture is a means, not an end, and the end is—what? Our noblest emotions and aspirations stand idle like the laborers in the market-place. Yet withal there survives a certain faith or fatalism—call it which you will—which does not permit us to despair. Man 'thinks he was not made to die,' and the belief is not to be subdued by argument. But some fresh impulse is needed to quicken the hope of the race.

Perhaps the most striking feature of the situation is the seeming unconcern of the poets. The time-spirit has set his foot upon the neck of mankind, and our poets, who should be the first to cry aloud and beat their breasts, are happy with their tinkling ballades and villanelles. It may be fanciful, but to me at least this apathy is equally significant with the other symptoms I have recounted. Perhaps the passing mood finds fittest utterance in old Omar's verse; but the singer of Naishapur is too material for our century. The poet who shall first voice the discontent of the age will find an echo in many a heart.

EDWARD J. HARDING.

Reviews

Bismarck and Busch.*

WE read in a recent volume of travels on the Congo, of certain 'plovers, with yellow wattles and spurs to their wings,

* Our Chancellor. By Moritz Busch. \$2.50. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

who hop on the crocodiles' bodies, and if they do not, as some suppose, pick the teeth, they at any rate linger strangely and, as one would think, rashly round the jaws of the grim saurians.' We are reminded of this species of what the naturalists call 'symbiosis'—the harmonious living together of hostile things—in reading 'Our Chancellor.' The 'grim saurian' in this case is the German Prime Minister, and the literary tooth-pick—of all professions the most abominable—is his faithful biographer, who already, on a former occasion, signalized himself by tracking the Chancellor with his trail of gossip all through the Franco-German war. The tone of the book is aptly prefigured in the title, 'Our Chancellor;' and it is the tone of 'our own correspondent,' 'our own G. W. S.,' 'our Fritz,' and the like—as if nobody else had a Fritz—or a spitz either, for that matter—comparable to our ultra-possessive cousins German. The title, indeed, is but a brief strophe in the *te Deum Bismarckium* that ensues, line on line, chapter on chapter, here a little there a little, 'mir nichts dir nichts,' like the laborious piling up of the Washington monument. The Chancellor is laid on the flat of his back, mapped out by rule and measure, and examined topographically, so to speak. The image of gold, alas, is found to have thighs of silver and feet of very common clay, albeit with an extraordinary amount of iron in its constitution. What Junker Otto said, what he did, what he didn't, what he eats now and what he ate then, how he mellowed under corn-brandy and Schweizer and pumpernickel, delights in sunsets with a sprinkle of Beethoven, has forgotten his Greek, but is 'a watering-pot of phrases' from the French and five other languages, is a parliamentarian, sportsman, beer-brewer, prince, distiller, diplomatist, paterfamilias,—here it all is in a true 'Encyclopédie Bismarckienne,' with titles and sub-titles innumerable, volumes twain and chapters twelve. We don't know whether Dr. Busch is quidnunc pure and simple, or whether he is *valet de chambre* superadded: at all events, his gigantic and audacious Philister is the hero of heroes to him, even when—reversing Scripture—he is slaying his thousands with the jaw-bone of an—animal. Peeping through the key-hole is never a very great-minded performance; but when it is perpetrated to the extent of 700 pages we lose all patience, and cry fie upon the Boswellian plague.

'Our Chancellor' is, of course, intensely amusing. How could he be otherwise with his glowing convictions, his choler, his humor, his arrogance, his tenderness of heart, his magnificent achievements, his peccadilloes and pettinesses? But when all this and a thousand other things are conducted by sinuous channels on and on and on, till they empty into an apparently inexhaustible reservoir, above which stands one obelisk-figure, as in the Place de la Concorde, we turn away from the *cloaca maxima* and make for a purer atmosphere. Dr. Busch has made up into a sort of punchinello an amalgam of gossip, reminiscence, speculation, exploitation of old speeches, and dust from other people's garrets and memories, painting the whole with the lines of his many-colored fancy, and attaching to it a wire on which, with a delighted 'voilà Bismarck!' he jumps it up and down. We have Bismarck in dress-coat, in shirt-sleeves, in fig-leaf, in cups and hiccoughs, smoking, boar-hunting, hobnobbing with the Kaiser, and on his knees. His religious convictions are gravely discussed; his diplomatic indiscretions are told with a grin; his countless attitudes toward this, that, and the other party are elaborated with a true *furor Teutonicus*. Bismarck as an orator and humorist is illustrated and analyzed at length, with abundant quotations of figures and metaphors and 'gems;' and finally he is pursued by the bow and arrow of the relentless sparrow into the very boudoir and love-letters of the Princess Bismarck. The volume has a pathological if not a pathetic interest. It is symptomatic, in its way. It is the outgrowth of a widespread disease. It should find its way to the shelves of the student of morbid psychology. Nobody doubts the great and wonderful progress of the great and wonderful German peo-

ple under the great and wonderful Chancellor; but do not lift the curtain before your ghost is shrouded; postpone the pæan for a decade or two; put off the felicitations at least to the hour when alone a man can be called truly happy. The very abundance of laudation will sicken as the wanderers in the wilderness sickened under their diet of quails. Chateaubriand said that a bee was his teacher when he was in Palestine; Busch proclaims on all the housetops and in two or three different languages simultaneously—a *muezzin* to his Mahomet—that Bismarck is his—is his—is his; and as we close the book, we feel that the whole is but a subtle species of egotism, of disguised self-glorification. The fly is on the horn of the ox and cannot be shaken off.

"Bible Myths."*

Few subjects can be more attractive to the student of religions than the resemblance and relationship between that religion which is closely intertwined with his own form of civilization, and the beliefs of other peoples. There is here a wide field for investigation, and no theological prepossession ought to hinder scholars from entering this field and exploring it thoroughly, with the simple desire to know the truth, and a readiness to modify preconceived notions if they shall be found at variance with the truth. In view of the importance and interest of this study in the case most nearly concerning us—the Bible as related to other sacred books—the appearance of a work like 'Bible Myths' is a great misfortune, for it lays itself so completely open to refutation and ridicule that the verdict of all honest and competent criticism upon it cannot be doubtful, and there is some danger that the truly scientific study of like topics may share in the condemnation. There will always be a good many critics who do not distinguish sharply between science and charlatanry.

The author's name is not upon the title-page, but the responsibility for the work may be largely traced back to Godfrey Higgins, Esq. Mr. Higgins—to use language suggested by the author's frequent reference to Brahmanism—is a kind of modern Vishnu, who reappears from time to time in ever new Avatars. His 'Anacalypsis' animates a multitude of literary creations of the type which that eminent scholar and citizen, the late D. M. Bennett, was wont to recommend. And here we do not lose sight of the fact that our author names many authorities besides Mr. Higgins, and some of the names are very good. Indeed, there is a noble impartiality in his list. We have Æschylus, Viscount Amberley, Albert Barnes, Rhys Davids, Canon Farrar, Sir William Jones, Max Müller, Socrates, Robert Taylor (author of the *Diegesis*!), Monier Williams and many other congenial spirits. But in spite of this catholicity, the author labors under one painful limitation. For him, what has not appeared in English might as well not have been written. Whoever knows anything of comparative mythology will judge what results are likely to follow from this limitation. In the present case, however, it really makes less difference than it would if the author could use authorities when they are within his reach. He does not seem to understand that there is any distinction here of good and bad. What Higgins says weighs for him as much as a word of Max Müller, Sir William Jones is as good a witness as Monier Williams, Ernest de Bunsen is as sound a scholar as Rhys Davids, Knappert's 'Religion of Israel' serves his purpose as well as if its author spoke with all the weight of an independent and original investigator. And Kuenen—who is disguised under the name of 'Kunen'—is barely mentioned.

As to the assertions which these authorities are called in to support, and the conclusions the book seeks to justify, space would fail us to characterize them. It would not indeed be true to say that an exposure of all the blunders would call for a volume of equal size with the one before

us, since the same blunder occurs many times; in spite of the division into chapters there is an amount of repetition which some appreciation of scientific method would have avoided. A few details only can be mentioned, after it is premised that, according to the general conception of the book, the Bible is chiefly made up of different phases of the 'Sun-Myth.' Thus the story of Jonah and the so-called whale is a form of this myth. We confess to indistinct ideas on this head, for in one place the author makes Jonah the sun, emerging from the darkness of night (inside the fish), while in another the fish itself is the sun. The evidence adduced is equally strong in favor of each view, as may be seen from one illustration. The sun was called 'Jona' we are told; also, 'John,' 'Jon,' 'Ionn,' etc. This is strong on the one side. But we read again that 'the preserving god Vishnu, the sun, was represented as a fish.' This looks the other way, and the only defect in it as demonstrative proof is the (doubtless accidental) omission of the statement that the name Vishnu is plainly nothing more than a slight modification of the word 'fish': Vishnu = Fish(nu)! Indeed, why has not the author gone further and made Krishna etymologically the same with Christ, and Gautama—Got(ama)—God? These identifications would be quite of a piece with 'Māya = Mary' and 'Jona = Joannes = Oannes'!

As to the New Testament, the author's lucubrations are even more surprising than in the case of the Old. It is here still the Sun-Myth which has obscured all the facts of Jesus' life. At one time it seems as if the early Christians were nature-worshippers, among whom this myth grew up; at another we are told that they borrowed it from Krishna and Buddha myths. But it is natural that so learned a man as our author should not confine himself to one single line of explanation. All sorts of myths and legends and arguments have to do duty for him. He is perhaps as remarkable in his exegesis as anywhere else. Thus when Jesus says 'Elias is come already,' he teaches the transmigration of souls. When Peter says 'Whom ye . . . hanged on a tree,' he disproves the Crucifixion. When Paul puts into the mouth of an opponent the words of Rom. III., 7, our author makes him speak 'of his [own] known and wilful lies, abounding (*sic*!) to the glory of God.' If it be added that the notions of early Christian art found in this book are chiefly borrowed from the erratic work of Lundy, and that various Priapic and other suggestive elements are found in it besides, a sufficiently clear notion of the whole will perhaps have been given. The fact that the volume will do nobody any good is happily offset by the fact that only weak and foolish persons are likely to be imposed upon by it. If an intelligent man wishes to be a sceptic, he can find books which will conduct him to that goal by a shorter and straighter road, without insulting his commonsense at every step.

"The Entailed Hat."*

INTERESTING, original and striking, 'The Entailed Hat' is certainly unique, and will undoubtedly prove a literary sensation. Hardly rounded enough into one definite plot or purpose to be called a novel, it is a story of incidents, with historical foundation, some told with great power and some with great charm. In spite of the charm, it is not on the whole a pleasing book; but it is unpleasing as Judd's 'Margaret' was unpleasing, in giving phases of life so remote from our present experiences as to seem impossibly remote in time, although accurately delineating a period after all not so very long passed. Perhaps we should be glad to forget that there was such a time in our history as that of the Delaware and Maryland kidnappers; but although the blood curdles as we read Mr. Townsend's vivid reproductions, we ought to be grateful to an author who reminds us that we may sometimes exclaim 'O tempora! O mores!' of a time that is outgrown. Of the 'Hat' itself, we may

* Bible Myths, and their Parallels in Other Religions. With numerous illustrations. 3s. New York: J. W. Bouton.

* The Entailed Hat. By George Alfred Townsend ('Gath'). \$1.50. New York: Harper & Bros.

say that it has literal and historical foundation, but beyond giving the book a 'telling' title, it does not amount to much in the story. Apart from the history of his tale, Mr. Townsend's literary success lies largely in the creation of a heroine absolutely new. In her great pride, tempered with tenderness, we can think of no heroine with whom to compare her but Ouida's Wanda, whom in tenderness she excels. The book opens with the trite resource of a young girl called upon to wed one who on that condition only will save her father's honor; but the episode, as it develops, is by no means trite. The bridegroom is no villain: he is merely a wild forester, in every way beneath her, who yet sincerely loves her. The study of the sacrifice of Vesta Custis, as she resolves to save her father only after an interview with the lover in which she finds that she can respect him though she does not love him, with her instant identification of all her interests with his when once the fatal step has been taken, is a picture of maiden pride and wifely honor that it is good to read. The book is full of delicious phrases and epithets, quaint as becomes a story of olden time, but vivid to intensity. The picture of Vesta in her bridal gown, and indeed the whole brief account of the wedding ceremony, is a bit of description such as does not often gladden the critic's heart, while humor lurks near the tragedy and heightens the beauty, whether it is that of the Methodist woman at the revival calling out, 'Yer, Becky, hold my baby while I shout!' or the dainty and whimsical wooing of 'purty Roxy' by the lover who 'kept shady on love an' put it all on the ground of coffee,' and who, when she gave some unconscious sign of interest, 'was as keeful not to skeer it as if it had been a snowbird hoppin' to a crumb of bread.' Another delicate bit of character-drawing is the way in which Vesta reforms her father: not by upbraiding, but by loving: bringing him with her own hands the glass of wine she knows he cannot yet do without; treating his indulgence as a disease, till he is ashamed not to cure himself of it. The book is not one to read just before going to bed; for many of its incidents—notably the rescue of the kidnapped woman—are trying to the nerves even by daylight; but in spite of its many horrors, the book is full of that love which is defined by one of the characters as 'the last sense to come, after you can see, an' hear, an' feel, an' it's given you to see an' hear an' feel, only that you kin find out something purty to love.' Until we can think of something prettier than that for the Romeo of our own future novel to say to his Juliet, we shall remain content with our present position in literature, saying, like Mr. Townsend's buzzard, 'I'm so larnid in dat music, I disdains to sing; I criticises de birds dat does.'

There are passages, even whole chapters in the book, of great brutality and of great coarseness; but we are inclined to speak of these unpleasant elements mildly, partly because the brutality is relieved by passages of such beautiful tenderness, and partly because the coarseness is largely an historical, not personal, coarseness. There is this distinction to be made: one author, in an age of refinement and beauty, deliberately selects some blot on the escutcheon, and without any apparent intention of working a reform, dwells upon it, hugs it to his literary soul, and gives it to the world with all its coarseness and with nothing but its coarseness; another author, choosing time and place for delineation that were in themselves essentially coarse, gives them a delineation which presents the historical picture vividly to us, while he tempers it with some of the humanity and beauty that must have breathed even in the worst of times. In other words, 'Gath' has given in 'The Entailed Hat,' not refinement brutalized to coarseness, but coarseness touched with refinement. One writer tacitly exclaims, 'Ha! Ha! you think these are very fine times we live in; but I can tell you a thing or two that is going on under your very noses!' Another says, 'You remember the times of Patty Cannon? Hard times they were, and terrible; but did you ever hear about Vesta Custis who lived then?'

"The Historical Monuments of France."*

THE many people who during the last few months have drawn pleasant entertainment from Henry James's sketches of French scenery will find additional amusement and no little profit in 'The Historical Monuments of France.' Both writers traverse much of the same ground, Mr. James as a literary artist and poetic revivalist of the past, Mr. Hunnewell as an antiquary, archaeologist and historian. France, as we all know, is a soil marvellously rich in spoils of antiquity. No less than two thousand monuments of the most varied character and importance—palaces, churches, châteaux, aqueducts, abbeys, towers—have been handed down from the past, and are systematically guarded from decay and spoliation by the enlightened policy of the French Government. The south, the middle, the north of France are covered with stately remnants of former ages, filled, many of them, with inestimable relics and collections, the loss of any one of which would be a national misfortune. To keep them intact, as priceless factors in the education of the people, the government has, since 1859, appropriated annually 1,100,000 francs. A powerful commission, distinguished for the ability, learning, and patriotism of its members, is charged with the preservation of these works. Circulars in regard to the condition of the monuments are issued, calling attention not only to them, but to the best methods of preserving their character and interest. Thus a noble work is accomplished for art, for patriotism, and for civilization.

A glance at the contents of this excellent volume will show the wealth superimposed on wealth of architectural masterpieces to be found between the Mediterranean and the Channel, beginning with the thickly strewn remains of Roman engineering, passing through the mysterious *menhirs* at Kermario, touching the exquisite cathedrals of Paris, Rheims, Amiens, Chartres, and Bourges, and stopping at the feet of Francis I., when the era of magnificent châteaux, like those of Blois and Chambord, dawned royally under Italian influences. It is hard to say which to admire most: the elegance and spirituality lavished upon the walls and staircases and salons and spires of this exceeding opulence of carved stone, or the solidity, persistency and durability of the work, which defies time and promises to last into eternity. The subtlety of the French spirit, its playful sprightliness and infinite resource, its union of gayety with depth and depth with grace, are shown in Mr. Hunnewell's book as perhaps they have never been shown to an English audience before. His book is a sponge which has absorbed the 'goutte d'or potable' of a score of others. Numerous plans, outlines, and illustrations assist the reader in following the mazes of many of these truly labyrinthine structures. The domestic architecture, the mediæval, mixed, Renaissance, and feudal architectural styles, are faithfully traced. The royal palaces of Fontainebleau, Versailles, St. Cloud, and St. Germain-en-Laye, and the great Parisian *spolia opima*, are described with discrimination; and the modern movement in the construction of viaducts and public works is discussed and explained. The work ends with lists and brief notices of the specially historical monuments of France and other objects of historical interest, invaluable to the student and to the tourist who can read without the necessity of running as he reads.

"Essays, Classical and Modern."†

MR. MYERS'S collection of Classical and Modern Essays form two attractive-looking volumes upon ever fresh and attractive subjects. Reprinted from various publications, both English and American, and now for the first time gathered together in book-form, they cover a long period of the author's literary activity, and concentrate for us the results

* The Historical Monuments of France. By James F. Hunnewell. \$3.50. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co.
† Essays, Classical and Modern. By F. W. H. Myers. 2 vols. \$2.75. New York: Macmillan & Co.

of careful and extensive study. They leave upon us the impression of a mind of tolerant habit, settled religious convictions, liberal sympathies, delicate, critical perception, refined taste and serious tone. Their fatal defect is that they are dull. The style is lacking in vigor and incisiveness, the treatment of each theme is deficient in originality and spontaneity. We are conscious throughout them all of an absence of vitality which, despite our respect for the writer's many admirable qualities, weighs sleepily upon the eyelids, and makes the finishing of each essay somewhat of a task. The reader naturally seizes first upon the volume which treats of contemporary books and personages. Mazzini, Hugo, Renan, George Eliot, George Sand, Rossetti—such are some of the names that at once arrest our attention in the table of contents. But the chapters themselves are disappointing. That upon Renan, instead of clearly placing before us the French scholar's methods and conclusions, is vague and diffuse, overloaded with Mr. Myers's crude and barren speculations upon the great subjects that have occupied M. Renan's genius. The essay on Victor Hugo has somewhat more of energy and body to it. Its estimate of the French poet seems to us just and discriminating, and it is a timely counterpoise, in its fair and moderate tone, to Mr. Swinburne's intemperate eulogies. Mr. Myers's personal acquaintance with George Eliot would lead us to expect a more vivid presentment of her personality than we gather from the memorial chapter devoted to her. And yet, just here we must acknowledge our grateful appreciation of that discretion and dignity possessed by Mr. Myers which invariably forbid his pandering to vulgar curiosity and to the popular taste for trivial details concerning eminent people. If he could but infuse a little more animation into his sketches, we should have no fault to find.

The Classical Essays are longer and more elaborate than the Modern, and embrace only three topics—"Greek Oracles," "Virgil" and "Marcus Aurelius." They bear evidence of praiseworthy scholarship, conscientious work, and a sympathy at once deep and wide. But they share the irretrievable fault of their companion-volume: they are uninteresting. We turn the pages languidly and lay the book aside with no new ideas or suggestions, unrefreshed in spirit, unquickened in insight. We are haunted throughout by a vague sense that nothing is said there which has not been, or might not have been, better said elsewhere. We recall the invaluable contributions to classic criticism of certain contemporary Frenchmen, the pregnant sentences and pithy reiterations of the foremost English critic of the day, the graceful, fresh and breezy treatment of European literature by a living American, and we cannot but feel that the 'creative power,' the exercise of which Mr. Arnold describes as the main function of criticism as of poetry, is altogether lacking in Mr. Myers's prose-work.

Minor Notices.

MR. STEPHEN FISKE has gathered together his series of 'Off-Hand Portraits' contributed to *The Knickerbocker* and published them in a goodly volume. (Lockwood & Son). There are fifty-eight portraits, or perhaps we should say portrait-sketches, in the book, of men of all professions, from the theatrical to the theological. Most of the originals of these sketches are personally known to Mr. Fiske; the theatrical managers certainly are, though we will not be so sure about the doctors of divinity. We read a number of these sketches as they appeared from week to week in *The Knickerbocker*, and were struck by the bright journalistic style, and the life-likeness of many of them, and wondered who their author could be. The best of them are of the men with whom Mr. Fiske has come in personal contact. His summings-up are shrewd, and his delineation of foibles shows the keen observer. There is also a vein of humor running through these sketches, though they never verge upon caricature. An example of this is found in the sketch of Mr. Rufus Hatch: 'There is one title of affection, bestowed by common consent upon a few popular persons, which means more than all our judicial, military and naval prefixes. It is the title of "Uncle." Wall Street always has its especial "Uncle," and New York has half a dozen

such adopted relatives; but the title is hard to win, and can only be secured by a combination of excellent qualities. Wealth cannot purchase it; one never hears of Uncle William Vanderbilt, nor Uncle Jay Gould. Benevolence is not rewarded with it; the public never think of Uncle Peter Cooper, nor Uncle George Seney. The wearer of the title must be shrewd but genial; popular but peculiar; ready to give good advice to the boys, but rather exaggerated in his plans and ideas.' Mr. Fiske has made a very readable book, and the fact that the portraits in his gallery are contemporaneous does not detract from their interest.

WHETHER one cares much for Cowper or not, he will do well to read Mrs. Oliphant's introduction to the charming volume of 'Selections from Cowper's Poems,' which Macmillan & Co. have lately issued. One is attracted to the book in the first instance by its beautiful binding of dark blue and gilt, with a pretty little vignette of Berkhamstead on the front cover; and on opening it at the title-page, attention is held for a moment by the delicate engraving of the poet's cap-crowned head. The plan of the selection has been to so place together a number of short poems and extracts as to form an autobiography of the poet. This arrangement has the effect, of course, of detaching from their original setting several passages, especially from 'The Task'; but in no case, the editor thinks, 'will the passages quoted be impaired by being placed in another sequence and made to interpret, which they do more truly than anything else can, the story of Cowper's life.' This arrangement is, perhaps, as satisfactory as any that could be made. Whether it was made by Mrs. Oliphant or not, we are left to conjecture; nor does it much matter. The introduction, however, is all her own, and it is as bright and sympathetic a bit of criticism as any to which she has put her hand. She is not an extravagant admirer of Cowper; the number of Cowper enthusiasts is probably small to-day; but she has a hearty and well-founded liking for him, and avoids damning him with faint praise as carefully as she avoids lauding his gifts too highly. It is as the apostle of domestic life that he chiefly engages her sympathies.

GENERAL DE PEYSTER's historical drama, 'Bothwell,' is a slender stream of blank verse, prose and serenades, meandering through a broad meadow of historical notes and editorial comment. It is printed for private circulation, and to those into whose hands it may fall it will bring further evidence of the author's enthusiasm in the study of an interesting epoch in Anglo-Scottish history. It is the fourth book he has written on the subject of the unfortunate queen, Mary Stuart, and the 'still more unfortunate Bothwell,' her third husband. The investigation of the careers and characters of this ill-fated couple, at first engaged in merely as a diversion, has become, in General De Peyster's own words, 'almost a passion,' in gratifying which he has come into correspondence with many students of kindred tastes in various parts of the world, and has made a collection of books and pamphlets sufficiently large to constitute a library. Some of these are exceedingly rare and curious. From a careful examination of his own volumes, together with all other accessible works upon the subject, General De Peyster has come to the conclusion—to mention only one of many equally opposed to popular tradition—that Mary was not Bothwell's victim, but Bothwell hers. The present pamphlet, like those that have preceded it, is not only interesting in itself, but will some day have an added value from its scarcity.

Wagner's Music-Dramas.

TO THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE:

I read with great interest, and also with some satisfaction, the ideas expressed in THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE of May 3, concerning the Wagner concerts recently given at the Metropolitan Opera House. I entirely agree with the writer of that criticism when he says: 'Thus far we have only been shown one side of Wagner's genius. We have been forced to look at him only as a musician.' And, I may add, there is no opera composer in the whole range of musical history whose musico-dramatic works suffer more, in an æsthetic and dramatic sense, when cut into fragments for concert purposes, than Wagner's great music-dramas. Neither the musical nor the dramatic side of the work receives justice when deprived of life-giving representation on the stage.

When Mozart employed in his operas a richer instrumenta-

tion than his predecessors and contemporaries, Grétry, the composer of so many charming French comic operas (some of which ought to be revived here), is reported to have said: 'Cimarosa places the statue on the stage and the pedestal in the orchestra, while Mozart places the statue in the orchestra and the pedestal on the stage.' Now, if in the performance of Wagner's music-dramas too much prominence is assigned to the orchestra, the statue (the vocal interpreter) will be mercilessly smashed to atoms. The poet-composer and ingenious stage-manager saw the inevitably disastrous result of such a proceeding, and endeavored to subdue his overwhelmingly rich orchestral mass in order to preserve as much of the statue as possible. But in the performance of those Wagner fragments, a numerous orchestral band is placed on the stage beside the statue, the pedestal becoming, so to say, of sole importance. The exhibition resembles a pugilistic effort between the highly sonorous orchestral masses and the interpreter with necessarily limited vocal means—between the pedestal and the statue—and the result of the performance is the complete annihilation of the latter.

When, in my history of 'Music in America,' I accentuated this æsthetic judgment, deduced from the poet-composer's literary and musico-dramatic works, some of the reviewers of my book endeavored, from a foolish partisan point of view, to explain my reasoning on the subject in question as being aimed at Mr. Thomas's efforts to make propaganda for Wagner's art. But, like all blindfolded partisans, they overlooked the historical fact that Mr. Thomas was not the first conductor in this country to bring out, or the only one who was bringing out, extracts from Wagner's works. Had Mr. Abbey been a wise as well as an energetic impressario, he would have engaged Hans Richter and the necessary Wagner singers for a season of Wagner representations at the Metropolitan Opera House. He, no doubt, would then have obtained the pecuniary means he so much needed to defray the expenses of the mounting of barrel-organ operas. Such performances of the true Wagner article, under the leadership of a skilful and experienced opera conductor, would also create a healthy reaction in American operatic affairs, and a spirit of progress would replace the foolish and rapid periodical squabbles which seem to be the inevitable finale of Italian operatic enterprises here. The thousands of dollars spent for listening to the singing of antiquated barrel-organ arias would, if carefully spent in the interest of true art, soon solve the problem of the establishment of permanent musico-dramatic representations of the best productions of all schools. Such an artistic enterprise would have an immense bearing on musical culture in the United States. We have the oratorio, the symphony, the different forms of chamber-music well represented; but the greatest and richest form of all, the music-drama, drags on a miserable existence, unable apparently to throw off the baleful demoralization inherited from other days.

FRÉDÉRIC LOUIS RITTER.

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y., May 10.

The Lounger

I WENT up to the Madison Square Theatre, last week, to attend Mr. Dion Boucicault's 'conference' on the art of acting. It was a most interesting entertainment—lecture, address, conference, or whatever it may be called. Mr. Boucicault gave it the name of conference because he wanted those of his hearers who didn't agree with what he said, or didn't understand it, to 'speak out in meeting.' They must have understood him and agreed with him perfectly, for there was nothing but laughter and applause during the hour and a half that he was speaking. The audience was composed almost wholly of members of the theatrical profession, and I could not but smile to see how amiably they took Mr. Boucicault's criticism. He told them plainly that they didn't know how to act—and they received his statement with applause. It was against the tragedians of the day that he had most to say, and he imitated their strut and mouthings with humorous effect. Those who were present listened with respect, for they knew that he spoke from a knowledge and experience that few of them possessed.

'FORTY years ago, when I wrote "London Assurance,"' said Mr. Boucicault, parenthetically. Think of the experience of a man who forty years ago began his career with one of the best comedies in the language, and has since produced a greater number of successful plays than any other English writer of the century. That his pen has not lost its cunning—or at least that it had not lost it ten years ago—is proved by 'The Shaughraun,' one of the very best of Irish comedies. Mr. Boucicault is better versed in the secrets of stagecraft than any man living. When he whispers some of them in public, it behooves us to listen.

The Spectator has raised its voice to cry out against the absurd English custom of publishing one-volume novels in three volumes. It is a custom that comes from the English circulating library system. These libraries are bound to buy all the novels that are published, be they in never so many volumes. It is therefore wasting an opportunity, the publisher thinks, to put a novel into one volume that can be put into three, for in the latter form it brings him in just three times as much money. The public are the sufferers. They are bound to pay a fabulous price for a book that they want to read but do not care to own, or else subscribe to a circulating library. The new American novel, 'Bethesda,' published by Macmillan & Co., is a case in point. It is printed in three volumes in London and sold for \$7.88, while here it is printed by the same firm in one well filled volume, and sold for a dollar. I am not surprised at the outcry against the imposition. The gain is not one in which the author participates, for English books are published on a different plan from ours. If the author were paid so much a page for his book, as he often is for his novel when it appears as a serial, he too might reap some benefits from the three-volume system; but he is not. The wife of a certain American novelist was speaking with some friends about a serial of her husband's then running in a popular magazine, and the friends remarked that it seemed to be a pretty long story. 'And why not? My husband is paid twenty dollars a page for it. If he makes the story long enough, we can live on it all winter.'

A FRIEND of Mr. Elihu Vedder tells me that that clever artist's illustrations to the 'Rubáiyát' of Omar Khayyám are the realization of his life's dream. When he was a mere lad he read the poem and it so impressed his imagination that he determined to become an artist and some day make a series of drawings that would convey these impressions to the world. The idea grew in his mind for years, but he never felt that it was ripe for production. Last spring the inspiration seized him. He went to Rome and fell to, the result of his labors being the fifty and more drawings that were exhibited at the Tile Club's rooms last Saturday. Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., whose unillustrated 'Rubáiyát' has passed through seven editions, have secured Mr. Vedder's drawings and will bring out a sumptuous edition of the Persian poem. Later in the season there will be a public exhibition of the original drawings in this city, that of last week having been private.

A Conversation with Mr. Ruskin.

[From *The Pall Mall Gazette*.]

THREE miles away from the village of Coniston, and on the opposite side of the lake, lies Brantwood, the home of Professor Ruskin: a large, beautiful, rambling house, with spacious rooms and low ceilings, commanding a view which is certainly unsurpassed in England for picturesqueness and poetic beauty. Down the grassy slopes and across the placid, mirror-like lake the spectator looks up at the Old Man of Coniston, rising majestically from among the lesser hills which form the middle distance. The village lies away to the right on the opposite shore; to the left no habitation interrupts the view for four miles and more, save the ivy-grown Coniston Hall. On such a picture, rich with ever-varying color, fascinating and peaceful, the great art critic loves to gaze throughout the summer twenty times a day. Mr. Ruskin was walking in the extensive grounds adjoining the house when I arrived, and pending the announcement of my visit, I was shown into the drawing room to await his coming. Dwarf and other book-cases stood against the walls, which, moreover, were adorned with beautiful examples of Prout, D. G. Rossetti, and others, as well as Mr. Ruskin's well-known drawing of the interior of St. Mark's at Venice, one of his most important efforts. Cases of shells, in infinite variety, and of minerals revealed another and less generally known phase of Mr. Ruskin's taste, and a volume of 'Art in England'—his last series of Oxford lectures—lay upon the table. I was

still examining the handsome bindings upon the shelves (for the Professor delights in worthy examples of the bookbinder's art), when the door opened and he entered the room. With his usual genial smile and engaging manner he said, 'I am very glad to see you; I wish you hadn't come to-day, though.' I was preparing to offer apologies when he continued, 'It was beautifully bright and clear yesterday, and the view was perfect. To-day it is very black and you can see nothing. But come with me into the library, we can talk better there and see better, too, if the sun will only shine.' And he preceded me into a chamber which was enriched by even a greater profusion of works of art than the one I had just left. Numerous exquisite water-colors of Turner hung around the room, a marvellous example of Lucca della Robia's faience ('fashioned by the master's own hand and absolutely perfect,' Mr. Ruskin said) decorated the chimney-piece, book-cases and drawers full of minerals lined the room, and beautiful books were scattered about in artistic confusion.

'Well,' said my host pleasantly, as he settled himself comfortably in his easy chair and fixed his deep blue eyes upon me, 'what can I tell you or the editor of *The Pall Mall Gazette* that the public would like to hear? For you know I have no opinions upon politics or public matters just now—for I don't know what is going on anywhere—especially I know nothing about Egypt, General Gordon, Ireland, or London lodgings. You see I'm very busy just now, and when I'm busy I daren't look at the newspapers, nor even open my letters, until my work is finished, or I should not be able to keep my mind upon it. So it always happens that after the work upon which I am engaged is completed I have a huge, confused mass of correspondence to wade through. And what care I for Egypt?' I ventured to remark that it was about what he *did* care for that I wanted to hear his views. 'Stay,' he said, 'there is one political opinion I do entertain just now, and that is that Mr. Gladstone is an old wind-bag. When he makes what is called "a great speech," in nine cases out of ten he uses his splendid gifts of oratory, not for the elucidation of his subject, but for its vaporization in a cloud of words.'

An allusion of mine to the recent death of the Duke of Albany led Mr. Ruskin to remark: 'I had the deepest regard and respect for what I would call his genius, rather than his intellect. He was entirely graceful and kind in every thought and deed. There was no mystery about him—he was perfectly frank and easy with every one. At Oxford I thought he desired to take all the advantage that was possible from the university course, but I also thought that the conditions of his life there were rather a courteous compliance with the duties of his position than an earnest and intense application, whether the subject was art or Greek. I do certainly think that within these limits he learned every day of his life as much as was possible for him to learn, whether from the university or from the surrounding elements or elsewhere. He had no extraordinary taste for art, although all his sisters are artistic; his special gift was musical.' 'No,' continued Mr. Ruskin, gravely and with evident meaning, 'no, I did not go to the funeral. It is ten years or more since I went to one, and though there are several whom I love very dearly, I doubt very much if I should see them to the grave were they to die before me. No; I shall go to no more funerals till I go to my own.'

Mr. Ruskin then kindly insisted on showing me the 'lions' of Brantwood. He went to one of the cases and pulled out a drawer containing blocks of stone in which were large masses of dark-blue opal. 'There! never before, I believe, have such gigantic pieces of opal been seen, and certainly not possessing that beautiful dark-blue color. Oh, yes, I'm very strong in stones; my collection of agates is the finest in the kingdom, and I am at present assisting the British Museum in this department. The diamond I am at present exhibiting at the Museum is unique in crystallization on that scale—I gave a thousand pounds for it. But look—look at these books.' The volumes to which he pointed were the original manuscripts of several of Scott's novels. 'I think,' he said, taking down one of them, 'that the most precious of all is this. It is "Woodstock." Scott was writing this book when the news of his ruin came upon him. Do you see the beautiful handwriting? Now look, as I turn toward the end. Is the writing one jot less beautiful? Or are there more erasures than before? That shows how a man can, and should, bear adversity. Now let me show you these beautifully engrossed manuscripts of the tenth, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. I know of no stronger proof of the healthy condition of the Church at that time than the evidence of these books, when they used to write their psalm books so beautifully, and play with their initial letters so artistically. Yes, the faces in all such manuscripts are very badly drawn, but that is because the

illuminators were rather sculptors than artists—in our sense of the term.'

This reference to art encouraged me to ask what he thought of Art in England at the present day? Mr. Ruskin shook his head mournfully. 'I have only stopped grumbling because I find that grumbling is of no use. Besides, I am afraid of an action for libel—as in the case you know of—if I open my mouth; and if I cannot say what I choose about people I do not look at them. I may briefly say that I believe that all the genius of modern artists is directed to tastes that are in vicious states of wealth in cities, and that on the whole they are in the service of a luxurious class who must be amused, or worse than amused. I think there is twenty times more effort than there used to be, far greater skill, but far less pleasure in the exercise of it in the artists themselves. I may say that my chief feeling is that things are going powerfully to the bad, but that there may be something, no one knows how or when, which may start up and check it. Look at those drawings of Turner—there is nothing wrong in them; but in every exhibition there *is* something wrong; the pictures are either too sketchy or too finished; there is something wrong with the *man*—up to the very highest.' 'Are you satisfied with the result of your teachings?' 'Certainly not! not in the least; I have made people go wrong in a hundred ways, and they have done nothing at all. I am not,' he went on, rather bitterly, 'an art teacher; they have picked up a few things from me, but I find I have been talking too much and doing too little, and so have been unable to form a school; and people have not been able to carry out what I say, because they do not understand it.'

'Yes. I give far more care to my lectures than to my books. They are for the most part written most carefully, though I sometimes introduce matter extemporaneously in the delivery of them. I have taken more pains with the Oxford lectures than with anything else I have ever done, and I must say that I am immensely disappointed at their not being more constantly quoted and read; and this applies not only to the last series of my Oxford lectures, but to them all. What have I ever done better than this?' As he spoke, Mr. Ruskin took down a volume of his 'Aratra Pentelici,' and read the concluding passages of one of the lectures in his own powerful and impressive manner. 'There,' he said, closing the book, 'I have never written more closely than that, and they will recognize this one of these days. And I may tell you a piece of news: if I am spared another six years I shall have a school of my own. Turner liked the Royal Academy and he was not often wrong. Its members have always been very kind to me, and I believe to everybody else. But its fault is that it is not an "Academy;" it sets an example of no style, and it teaches its pupils no principles.'

At this moment the clouds, which had obscured the sun hitherto, rolled away. 'Now,' cried Mr. Ruskin, 'you will be able to see the full beauty of the view. Come and look at it from the dining-room: it is finest from there.' Then, turning from the window, he called my attention to several pictures that the room contained. 'Do you see that picture inscribed "J. W. M. Turner, sua manu"?' That is a portrait of himself when he was only sixteen. That is a grand Titian—that old Doge over there; and this picture, which recalls Sir Joshua's "Banished Lord," is a portrait of my father by Northcote. I always rejoice to think that my father had the good taste and the good sense to have his portrait painted by so clever an artist. He was no mean draughtsman himself.' As we passed back to the library, he continued: 'Prout, of whom you have seen several beautiful examples here, is one of the loves which always remain fresh to me; sometimes I tire somewhat of Turner, but never of Prout. I wish I could have drawn more myself—not that I should have done anything great; but I could have made such beautiful records of things. It is one of the greatest chagrins of my life.'

I ventured to allude to the Ambleside Railway. 'Whenever I think of it,' said Mr. Ruskin warmly, 'I get so angry that I begin to fear an attack of apoplexy. There is no hope for Ambleside; the place is sure to be ruined beyond all that people imagine. The reason I do not write to the London papers on the matter is because it merely centres in the question, Have they money enough to fight in the House of Commons? It does not matter what anybody says if the damaging party can pay expenses. There are perpetually people who are trying to get up railways in every direction, and as it now stands they unfortunately can find no other place to make money from. But it is no use attacking them; you might just as well seek mercy from the money-lender as expect them to listen to reason.'

Another favorite topic of Mr. Ruskin's is the shortcomings of our men of science. On this he descanted with great vehemence. 'The majority of them,' said he, 'have no soul for anything

beyond dynamics, the laws of chemistry, and the like. They cannot appreciate the beauties of nature, and they regard the imaginative man—one who can feel the poetry of life—as a donkey regards his rider; as an objectionable person whom he must throw off if he possibly can. Such a man is Tyndall. The *real* scientific man is one who can embrace not only the laws that be, but who can feel to the full the beauty and truth of all that nature has to show, as the Creator made them. Such a man was Von Humboldt, such a man was Linnæus, such a man was Sir Isaac Newton. As regards my opinion of Tyndall, I admire his splendid courage (I am a dreadful physical coward myself: I enjoy my life too much ever to risk the losing of it)—and his schoolboy love of adventure; he has a real and intense interest in the subjects which he takes up: naïve to a degree—incurably so; but he has never felt himself to be a sinner against science in the least because of his all-overwhelming vanity. His conduct to James Forbes respecting the Glacier Theory was the outcome of the schoolboy feeling when he sees the Alps for the first time: "Good gracious! no one ever saw this before; and I can tell the world all about it as no one ever did before!" And here is this nuisance of a man who has told the world what is not true, and so, hoping with his whole soul that Forbes is wrong, and hoping and expecting that he is right, he does all he can to get Forbes out of the way and to get people to believe in his theory. Why, he has set back the Glacier Theory twenty years and more! But before long people will find that this theory was all decided before this conceited, careless schoolboy was born. And that is why I always attack him, and shall continue to do so until I die. The whole attitude of the scientific world at present is: 'We shall discover everything entirely afresh, no matter who discovered it before—especially James Forbes; we shall believe nothing that Forbes has said if we possibly can help it, and we will believe anything that he has not said if we possibly can;' and as he has said the exact truth in that matter the result has been extremely unfortunate for science in general!

'Can you tell me anything,' I asked, changing the conversation to less debatable ground, 'with respect to Lupton's failure to satisfy Turner in mezzotinting his "Calais Pier"?' You no doubt saw Mr. Lupton's letter to *The Pall Mall Gazette* on the subject the other day?' 'The truth,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'is very difficult to get out of any expression of Turner, and I believe that he was very apt to be dissatisfied when he saw the color of his pictures in chiaroscuro. I know the facts of the case well; and I think that there was nothing that Lupton could not do. Assuredly Turner did not mean to imply that there was any incapacity in his engraver at all; but when color is altered to black and white it often happens that the relative size of the objects appears to be altered too.'

'Now that I am getting old,' said Mr. Ruskin in reply to a question of mine, 'and can climb about the hills no longer, my chief pleasure is to go to the theatre. I told you just now that I could always enjoy Prout; in the same way one of the only pleasures in my life entirely undiminished is to see a good actor and a good play. I was immensely pleased with "Claudian" and Mr. Wilson Barrett's acting of it; indeed, I admired it so much that I went to see it three times from pure enjoyment of it, although as a rule I cannot sit out a tragic play. It is not only that it is the most beautifully mounted piece I ever saw, but it is that every feeling that is expressed in the play, and every law of morality that is taught in it, is entirely right. I call that charming little play "School" entirely immoral, because the teaching of it is that a man should swagger about in knickerbockers, shoot a bull, and marry an heiress. As regards the literature of modern plays, I think that in comedies the language is often very precious and piquant—more so in French than in English pieces; but I know of no tragedy, French or English, whose language satisfies me.'

'The main work of my life,' said Mr. Ruskin, 'and it will be continued to the end of it, is the ecclesiastical history that our fathers have told us, and the natural history connected with my mineralogical collections. I am writing various catalogues in illustration of these collections, which I am giving my best time and care to. Besides, I am still editing Miss Alexander's book. Look at her drawings,' he went on, as he drew some of her illustrations from a cabinet. 'Never before have I seen such perfect penmanship—to say nothing of her knowledge of the flowers she draws. Now, before you go come up to my bedroom, and I will show you something worth seeing.' He led the way upstairs, pointing as we went to some of Turner's sepia drawings which decorated the staircase. 'From this room you will get the finest view of all of the lake. But it was not for that I brought you up; look round at these masterpieces on the walls. There are twenty of Turner's most highly finished water-colors,

representing his whole career from this one, when he was quite a boy, to that one, which he executed for me. There is not one of them which is not perfect in every respect. I am much exercised as to how I shall leave these beautiful drawings after my death, so as to be of the greatest service to the public. As it now stands, in case of my sudden death they will all go to Oxford, but I cannot quite make up my mind as to what is the best to do. Here you see what is probably the most beautiful painting of fruit that Hunt ever did, and it hangs among the Turners like a brooch. Yes, I hold this to be the finest collection of perfect Turner drawings in existence—with one exception, perhaps; and the nation shall have it.'

Women at Oxford.

[From *The Spectator*.]

THE privileges of members of the Convocation of the University of Oxford are not allowed to rust unused. The defeated party in Congregation seems bent on appealing from the resident to the non-resident University, whatever may be the subject at issue. The appeal from Congregation to Convocation bears a suspicious resemblance to an appeal from Philip sober to Philip drunk; from Philip who is in the middle of things, has heard, and has presumably weighed all the arguments before giving his decision, to Philip who knows little or nothing of the actual circumstances of the case, who has not heard the question debated, and probably has not given the matter a thought before the moment in which he receives the post-card soliciting his suffrage. However, the resident-teaching, active University represented in Congregation, lies at the mercy of the non-resident, semi-detached members of the University who form the bulk of Convocation, and it is not in human nature for those who have the power of appeal not to use it.

There is, however, good hope that in the vote to be taken next Tuesday the majority of the non-residents will coincide in opinion with the majority of residents. The question at issue is extremely simple,—whether women shall be admitted to Honor examinations in certain subjects conducted by the same persons, and the results of which shall be published in the same manner as the Honor examinations which male members of the University undergo. The question is not, as appears to be supposed in some quarters, whether 'girl graduates,' with or without golden hair, shall become an established fact. No one has proposed to admit women as members of the University, or to confer upon them University degrees. We shall be equally far from the creation of prude Proctors and dowager Deans, if the present statute is passed or not. At present, women are admitted to an examination 'held once in every year, by which the attainments of those above the age of eighteen years may be tested.' Comparatively large numbers of them have availed themselves of the privilege thus opened to them. But it is found that their labor at present is but lost labor. No one cares for the certificate which is given them. Its worth is estimated, to use the venerable language of the Latin Grammar, at 'a lock of wool.' This would be merely a sentimental grievance, if the only desire of those who undergo examination were to satiate their thirst for knowledge and the display of their knowledge. But it is not so. Many of those who take the trouble to study and be examined do so with a view of becoming governesses, whether as private tutors or as mistresses in High Schools. They want to bring their wares to market, and they find they cannot do so, because their attainments are not regarded as Hall-marked under the present system. There is no standard by which the worth of the certificate can be judged; nothing to test its market price. Cambridge has long ago remedied this grievance; and women can now be examined and placed in class-lists as if they were, though not indeed with, men. It is now proposed to follow this example at Oxford. The examiners in the Honor Schools of Mathematics, Modern History, and Natural Science are to examine those women who may choose to appear, and to place them in class-lists alphabetically in the same way, and the classes are to mark the same degree of knowledge as are the ordinary class-lists of Undergraduates. There is nothing in this proposal, at first sight, to excite alarm. The change consists in simply giving a market value to the results of an examination which at present has no market value. It does not admit women to an equality with men in the University, it does not admit them to rivalry with men, it does not even admit them to the University at all. Whether the change is made or not, women will still be admitted to examinations as persons 'qui' (or quæ) 'non sunt de corpore Universitatis.'

But the affrighted Liberal of the University—for curiously

enough, on this occasion it is the Liberal who has taken fright, rather than the Conservative—sees in the proposed statute a whole cataclysm of evils, and 'prognosticates a year of sects and schisms' in which men are ranged on one side and women on the other. One Canon thinks that the innovation is unchristian; because woman is essentially man's helpmate, not his rival. Another member of Congregation quoted startling statistics of spinal curvature in schools. A Liberal head of a college stood appalled at the domestic influence which would be brought to bear on academical questions by women. Nothing would be sacred from them. If they wanted Greeks abolished, Greek would go.

Happily, the guns on the other side were equally big. If Canon No. 1 thought class-lists unchristian, Canon No. 2 proclaimed that Christianity had not defined the position of woman, or excluded her from class-lists and told her to stay out. If one Professor wanted all women to be 'modest Mignons,' another disagreed with the view that 'women should know, as long as their knowledge was a smattering and worth nothing.' If one Warden feared a domestic revolution, another was prepared to open all the examinations for degrees to women, and 'throw open to them the accumulated treasures of the University.'

It was, indeed, argued with some force that the proposed statute extends the right of being examined to all women, and not merely to those resident in Oxford, and to any age, whereas both residence and a limit of age are imposed in the case of men. Technically speaking, this argument is not correct. Residence is required of men for degrees, not for examination, and no actual limit of age is imposed in the case of men. Still, practically speaking, there is a limit both of time and space in the case of men. But as a matter of fact, it is found that the large majority of women who are examined are resident in Oxford, either in the halls or in the town, and the limit of age follows the residence. The minority, which comes up merely to be examined, is infinitesimal, and would probably diminish. But in any case, this is an argument, on which to found an amendment, not to oppose the change on principle, and no amendments have been proposed.

In point of fact, the real arguments which seem to have affected the usual Liberal vote were twofold,—first, that at the time of the voting on the statute in Congregation, the women had appeared in such force that many members could not find a seat, from which portentous fact it was argued that they would soon monopolize the offices of the University; and second, that it was undignified in Oxford to open its examinations to women because Cambridge had done so,—or as it was put appropriately enough by the Head of a College which certainly cannot be accused of touting for subjects of instruction, 'to tout for custom against Cambridge, like two rival omnibuses.' The members of Convocation will not, happily, have to fight for places with the women of Oxford, so the *argumentum ad hominem* drawn from the *vis feminarum* will not have much force. And it is to be hoped that no notions of dignity will disturb the consideration of the question. Mr. Ruskin once doubted whether a University was originally a place where 'all may learn something,' or where 'some learn everything.' It is clear that now-a-days no one can learn everything; and if that is the object of Universities, they may as well put up their shutters. We must, therefore, fall back on the former definition, and make these Universities into places where all may learn something; in fact, convert the Universities into omnibuses of learning. It is difficult to see what loss of dignity there is in the Universities entering into a generous rivalry in seeking subjects for instruction, and ministering to the thirst for knowledge.

The really undignified attitude is the attitude of those who wish to shut the doors of employment in the face of women, for no reason whatever, except some intangible prejudice against their education. The action of the University Liberals who lead the Opposition in this matter is very little better than that of the carpet-makers who strike because women are employed in the factories, or of the doctors who try to keep women out of the medical profession, through fear of competition. It is because they really dread seeing the position of women in regard to education heightened, and their position socially made more independent, that the opposition is raised. But, as we have shown, these fears are quite unfounded, and these prejudices are wholly out of place in the present case. The question whether it is desirable or not that women should receive a University education is not at issue. That has long been settled. They are now at Oxford receiving a University education. The question whether it is desirable that women should earn their own livelihood is not at issue. Many of them are obliged to earn their own livelihood. The only question is, whether their would-be

employers shall have sure means of knowing that they are fit to earn it in the employment of teaching. Discussions as to whether they are fit to bear the strain of study and examination are equally beside the mark. They do already undergo the strain of both. The simple question is—Shall they have something to show for their labor, or shall they not? University honors are universally recognized as a test of merit and a passport to employment in the case of men. Is there any sound reason for refusing the same recognition to women?

Current Criticism.

'EXCURSIONS OF AN EVOLUTIONIST':—Mr. Fiske is certainly one of the most successful of the writers who have undertaken the task of popularizing the many new ideas which have been originated by the theory of evolution. He has not himself added anything of any importance to these ideas; but having accepted them with enthusiasm, he represents them to the public with so much force and clearness, as well as grace of literary style, that while reading his pages we feel how the function of a really good expositor is scarcely of less value than that of an originator. The applicability of these remarks to his earlier works will, we think, be generally recognized by the readers of this journal; and, if so, they are certainly no less applicable to the series of essays which we have now to consider. . . . As we have not detected any errors on matters of fact, the only criticisms we have to make pertain to matters of opinion. In particular, it appears to us that, in his anxiety to raise the cosmic theory of evolution into a religion of cosmism (or, as he terms it, in his earlier work, 'Cosmic Theism'), Mr. Fiske entirely loses the clearness of view and precision of statement which elsewhere characterize his work. Although no friend or admirer of Comte, with a strange inconsistency he follows implicitly the method of the French philosopher in blindfolding judgment with metaphor, and then, without rein or bridle, running away with a wild enthusiasm. We have here no space to justify this general statement, but we feel sure that no sober-minded man can read the after-dinner speech or eulogy of Mr. Spencer without feeling that its extravagance runs into absurdity.—*George J. Romanes in Nature.*

A GREAT FRENCH COOK:—A great French artist has died within the last few days, and his loss will be the more felt, as the triumphs of his art were transitory and ephemeral. Adolphe Dugléré had only a Parisian reputation, but in certain circles he ranked very high indeed. He was a cook. The best part of a valued and valuable life he had devoted to directing the Baron de Rothschild's cuisine, and when he withdrew from that engagement it was to take office as the *grand chef suprême* of the Café Anglais. In his earlier years he had been the friend of Millet, Diaz, and Couture, and had rendered these painters many a service in times of adversity. He had known the great Dumas, and had learned from him how to make an omelet. He had even collaborated with that novelist; for when Dumas wrote a book on the art of cookery, Dugléré contributed to its pages the records of his own culinary experiences. But it was not in the direction of literature that his tastes chiefly lay. When relieved from his professional labors the *grand chef suprême* delighted in the society and in the works of artists. He leaves behind him a splendid collection of bronzes and of paintings, which, like other collections, will in due time be dispersed. It will be something to possess a picture that once belonged to so great a cook.—*The Pall Mall Gazette.*

LAWRENCE BARRETT IN LONDON:—The interesting experiment with which the Lyceum Theatre reopened would have had higher claims upon attention had the drama in which Mr. Lawrence Barrett elected to appear been an original work of Mr. Howells. That the author of 'The Lady of the Aroostook' is capable of supplying polished dialogue is abundantly proved. . . . In the character of the hero Mr. Lawrence Barrett finds opportunity to display a finished method and some genuine capacity. He comes short of electricity, and the eye of the spectator remains tearless through the exposition of Yorick's wrongs. He acts, however, with earnestness which at times approaches intensity, is guilty of no extravagance or rant, and conveys the idea of an intellectual man with no very remarkable resources. His voice is good in quality, his features are well cut and mobile, and the entire impression which is made is favorable. The greatest success he obtains is in the manner in which, on one or two occasions, with no aid of speech and with the employment of very little gesture, he suggests a train of intellectual processes.—*The Athenæum.*

Notes

WE welcome the announcement of 'A Library of American Literature,' edited by Mr. E. C. Stedman and Miss Ellen M. Hutchinson, the latter of the *Tribune* editorial staff. The Library will include ten octavo volumes, and be a compendium of American literature from its inception to the present day. The selections will be longer than usual in such compilations, and, judging by the taste of the editors, more readable. The Library will be published by W. E. Dibble & Co., of Cincinnati, by subscription only.

Harper & Bros. have just issued a new edition, for 1884, of their 'Guide-Book to Europe and the East.'

Mr. J. W. Bouton has received an edition of the Salon Catalogue for 1884. It is an admirable record of the exhibition, and consequently of contemporaneous art in France. The process of reproduction seems to be more successful than usual. There are more domestic subjects among these pictures than one expects to find in a catalogue of the Salon, though there are quite enough paintings from the nude to maintain the reputation of the exhibition.

A novel is soon to appear from the pen of J. C. Goldsmith, editor of the New York *Weekly Herald*. It is founded on fact, and is to bear the title 'Himself Again.' It will be published in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library.

The Franklin Square Library edition of Forbes's 'Chinese Gordon' contains a large number of illustrations of noted scenes in the career of the distinguished soldier, and portraits of Generals Gordon, Ward, Burgevine, and Hicks. One of the most valuable features of this edition is a double-page bird's-eye view of the Nile and the Egyptian Soudan.

Cassell & Co. announce for immediate publication: (1) 'Day-Dawn in Dark Places; or, Wanderings and Work in Bechuanaland, South Africa,' by the Rev. John Mackenzie, with nearly one hundred illustrations; (2) 'Cassell's Illustrated Guide to Paris,' with illustrations on nearly every page, and a large map of Paris specially prepared for the work; (3) 'Arminius Vambery: His Life and Adventures,' written by himself.

Anent the publication of the Schaff-Herzog 'Encyclopædia of Religious Knowledge' (Funk & Wagnalls), it is pleasing to note that the German contributors to the original Herzog are to be paid for all articles written by them which have been incorporated in the Schaff-Herzog. More, indeed, is paid for the use of these articles in this American edition than was paid for their use in the German work. It may not be amiss to add that Dr. Schaff, before beginning the work, secured the written consent of the editors and publishers of the Herzog.

Dr. Robert Young, the author of Young's 'Analytical Concordance,' 'Bible Notes and Queries,' etc., has prepared a 'Concordance to the Greek New Testament,' which will serve also as a 'Dictionary of Bible Words and Synonyms,' and will contain a concordance to the 8000 changes in the Revised New Testament. Messrs. Funk & Wagnalls are the American publishers.

Dr. W. A. Hammond has written a novel—his second—which D. Appleton & Co. will publish. It is called 'Lal; a Tale of Colorado.' Lal, the name of the heroine, is an abbreviation of Lalla Rookh.

'The Authors' Group' is the title of a picture issued by Cupples, Upham & Co., of Boston, which represents Longfellow, Hawthorne, Lowell, Whittier, Emerson, Holmes, Alcott, Motley and Louis Agassiz, sitting and standing together as in the familiar engraving of Washington Irving and his friends.

Mr. H. E. Krehbiel, the accomplished musical critic of the *Tribune*, has written a volume of 'Notes on the Cultivation of Choral Music,' and the Oratorio Society of New York which Edward Schuberth & Co. will publish about the 25th inst. The book grew out of the author's intention to sketch the career of the Oratorio Society. Mr. Krehbiel's effort has been to direct attention to the value of amateur singing societies. These interesting organizations are of quite recent origin, it seems. Those who are acquainted with Mr. Krehbiel's work need not be told how well fitted he is for the task he has undertaken.

Mr. Joseph Hatton's first letter as London correspondent of the Boston *Herald* is written from New York, and is devoted to a bird's-eye-view of Mr. Henry Irving's 'Impressions of America.' Mr. Hatton has written the book, but Mr. Irving has written the preface, dated New York, April 30, and addressed 'To the American Public.' Here it is: 'This book is the outcome of a desire to chronicle in a lasting form some of the

events of a tour which your kindness has made a delight to Ellen Terry and myself. Before leaving London I ventured upon a prophecy that in journeying to America we were going among friends. That prophecy has been fulfilled. In the history of the stage, the Lyceum company is the first complete organization which has crossed the Atlantic with the entire equipment of a theatre. As the tour is, I believe, unique, so also is this record of it: and I particularly desire to emphasize a fact concerning its authorship. I am myself only responsible for my share in the conversations and dialogues that are set down, everything else being the work of my friend, Joseph Hatton, well known to you as the author of "To-day in America." I can but trust that I have not erred in expressing for publication some passing thoughts about a country which has excited my profound admiration, and which has the highest claims upon my gratitude.'

The second part of Herbert Spencer's essay on 'The Sins of Legislators,' to appear in *The Popular Science Monthly* for June, contains his views on protection, Henry George's agitation, and other topics of present interest.

'G. W. S.' has some delightful twaddle appended to one of his recent letters about the 'absurdities' of Webster's Dictionary. He is growing critical about his prepositions, too, and has suddenly appointed himself Instructor-in-Chief in the Queen's English to the American public.

Miss Judith Gautier, a daughter of the French critic and poet, Theophile Gautier, has written a number of historical romances about China and Japan which have been widely read in the original. 'The Usurper, an Episode in Japanese History' is the first of these works to be translated into English. This has been done by Miss Abby L. Alger, a daughter of the Rev. William R. Alger, and it will soon be published by Roberts Brothers.

A unique contribution to the history of the war in Egypt in 1882 will appear in the *June Century*. It is the diary of a young daughter of Gen. Stone, Chief of the Khédival staff, who himself contributes an introductory note. The General's family were in Cairo during the bombardment, and were in constant danger of massacre by the Arabs, from which the tact and courage of Mrs. Stone alone delivered them, her husband being on duty at Alexandria.

Dr. Lyman Abbott will deliver the commencement address at Lasell Seminary on June 18.

Major E. M. Woodward, of Ellisdale, Monmouth Co., N. J., author of 'The Citizen Soldier' and other books relating to the Civil War, and of a history of Bordentown and the surrounding country, has published a 'History of the Third Pennsylvania Reserve'—a record of the regiment as a whole, and of every officer and private during his period of service. The book is embellished with four steel-portraits, including one of the author himself.

A love-story by H. C. Bunner, entitled 'The Red Silk Handkerchief,' will appear in the *June Century*.

The writer of a good short story is a public benefactor; and so is the publisher who gathers together good short stories that would else have only a temporary fame. The third volume in Scribner's series of 'Stories by American Authors' contains nothing but what is good, and gives good things of great variety of style—ingenious speculation in 'The Spider's Eye,' pathos in 'A Story of the Latin Quarter,' originality in 'Two Purse Companions,' humor in 'Poor Ogla-Moga,' vivid horror in 'A Memorable Murder,' and weirdness in 'Venetian Glass.'

Mr. Charles Barnard's comedy of child life, 'Katy Neal,' has been published in neat form by Harold Roorbach. The ages of the actors in this drama range from six to thirteen years. The lines are easy to learn and the plot is simple.

An announcement of interest is made by the widow of the late Dr. George W. Bagby, of Richmond, Va. Dr. Bagby, who will be perhaps most popularly remembered for his strong humorous papers over the signature of 'Mosiz Addums,' was not only one of the vigorous thinkers of the South, but although unhappily handicapped in action by the events of the late war, one of the most industrious of writers. The literary material left behind is abundant, and it is proposed by his widow, herself eminently qualified for successful treatment of the task, aided by his executor, Mr. James McDonald, to prepare for early publication a volume of 400 pages octavo, containing selections from his writings. The good-will that has been bespoken in the North for the original writers of the Southern country by such men as Cable, Harris, James A. Harrison, John Esten Cooke, Malcolm Johnson and others, will no doubt open the way to a

general recognition of Dr. Bagby's literary worth. The first edition of this book, it is understood, will be published by subscription, and copies may be secured only through Mrs. Bagby, at Richmond.

Two little stories by an anonymous author, whose name has not even been whispered, have had a very large sale in England, and having found their way to America, have been republished by Messrs. Roberts Bros. 'Miss Toosey's Mission' and 'Laddie' are the titles of these stories with a moral, and both are printed in one small volume.

'The Ruskin Birthday-Book,' just published by John Wiley & Sons, is handsome enough to please the fastidious gentleman whose writings have been set to the calendar. Another Ruskin book just published by this firm is the new series of *Fors Clavigera*, being letters to the workingmen and laborers of Great Britain, which, the workingmen and laborers of England, unless are a much more intellectual set of men than those they of this country, will find very hard to understand, allowing that they even make the attempt.

Such a book as 'Sir Samuel Baker in the Heart of Africa' (Funk & Wagnalls) seems to us rather unfair, not to use a harsher term. One E. J. W. has taken Sir Samuel Baker's 'The Nile Tributaries of Abyssinia' and 'The Albert N'Yanza Great Basin of the Nile,' both large quartos, and made up this small octavo volume from them, without apparently so much as 'by your leave' to the author. Too much of this sort of thing is done in America—and in England, too.

The latest addition to Appleton's Parchment-Paper Series is 'The Parlor Muse,' a selection of *vers de société* from modern poets. Praed, Dobson, Locker, W. S. Gilbert and H. C. Bunner appear in the collection, to which is added 'The Hat'—a bit of absurdity, to which Coquelin has given popularity.

'My Reminiscences,' a very entertaining book by Lord Ronald Gower, has been published in one volume by Roberts Bros. The book was reviewed at length in THE CRITIC of June 2, 1883, on its appearance in England. There are to be found here a great many anecdotes of distinguished people amongst whom the author has an extended circle of acquaintance. He can, however, enjoy a supper with the Lambs in New York as well as a state-dinner in London; indeed, we are inclined to think that he finds the former much more to his taste.

Mr. Thomas Whittaker has published a new edition in one volume of Père Lacordaire's 'Jesus Christ: God and Man.'

A weekly newspaper is to be established in London as 'the special organ in Europe of Oriental topics and interests.' Its name will be *The Oriental Review*, and its editor Mr. Edward St. John Fairman, who is described in the circular in which the new venture is announced as a Commander of the Medjidié, an Officer of the Nichan Eftikhar, and a Knight of Saints Maurice and Lazarus. He is also the author of 'Ghirghis Mohammed, M. P.; or, Reports of the New Egyptian Parliament,' 'The History of a Turk,' 'The Truth on Albania and the Albanians,' 'Egyptian Affairs; or, How Ismail Pacha Found, and Left, Egypt,' etc. The subscription price for America of this new journal will be thirty shillings. All communications concerning it should be addressed to Mr. Fairman, in care of W. H. Allen & Co.

Great Britain's interests in Africa and the administrations of Harrison and Tyler are the topics indexed in the April number of Mr. Foster's always valuable *Monthly Reference Lists*.

Mr. Rolfe is anxious to trace that one of the two ballads entitled 'Anne Hathaway' in which the lady's name is played upon. The verses, falsely ascribed to Shakespeare, appear in various anthologies of recent date. We are happy to be able to direct Mr. Rolfe to the book in which the ballad first appeared. It is entitled: 'A Tour in Quest of a Genealogy through Several parts of Wales, Somersetshire, and Wiltshire, with a Description of Stourhead and Stonehenge, various anecdotes and curious Fragments from a Manuscript Collection ascribed to Shakespeare. By A Barrister. London: Sherwood, Neely and Jones. 1871.' The 'Fragments' consist of a 'poem to Anne Hathaway, from W. S.; a 'Letter' inscribed to 'Mistress Judith Hathaway, from William Shakespeare; 'A few items from his [Shakespeare's] Journal, and a sample of his own Memoirs by himself; 'A Song to her owne Loveyng Willie Shakespeare, by Anna Hatheway; 'To the Belovyd of the Muses and Mee, by 'Anna Hatheway; 'a letter 'To Master William Benson, by 'W. S.; and 'To the peerlesse Anna, magnette of mie affectionnes.' It is a rare volume; but Mr. Rolfe will probably find a copy of it in the Barton Collection.

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 682.—Who can tell me where the following lines are to be found?

Up-stairs I heard a racket,
Down-stairs I heard them sing,
Along came a tabor-shaddock,
Playing on a wooden string.

PENOBSCOT, ME.

E. L. F.

No. 683.—Who published the Oration of George William Curtis at Concord in 1875? I desire to obtain a copy.

ADAMS, MASS.

W. P. BECKWITH.

[It was published in a memorial volume issued by the Committee, which is not now obtainable. It was reported in the newspapers, however, and may perhaps be found at the libraries.]

No. 684.—Who were the first writers of children's literature in this country, and where can I find any articles bearing on the subject?

HIGHTSTOWN, N. Y.

M. E. G.

No. 685.—I should like to know of a good book on Food Adulteration and Aestheticism.

26 BIBLE HOUSE, NEW YORK CITY.

C. H. MALCOM.

[We know of no one work in which both of these interesting subjects are treated. The latter is discussed in Walter Hamilton's 'History of the Aesthetic Movement in England' (London: Reeves & Turner: 1882), and the former in an appendix to Parke's Hygiene (Wm. Wood & Co.).]

No. 686.—Who wrote the poem called 'Whistling in Heaven'? which begins as follows:

You're surprised that I ever should say so?
Just wait till the reason I've given,
Why I say I sha'n't care for the music
Unless there is whistling in heaven.

[No one but the Sweet Singer of Michigan could have written the exquisite stanza quoted above—unless it were Mr. Bloodgood H. Cutter, the Laureate of Long Island.]

No. 687.—I wish to secure a copy of *Good Literature*, vol. I., No. 2. Any one having a copy of that date to spare would confer a great favor by addressing

GLEN ELDER, KANS.

C. E. HARVEY.

ANSWERS.

No. 669.—If E. B. F. will send his address to this office, we will take pleasure in furnishing him with a copy of 'The Old Israelites,' kindly supplied by a correspondent living in New London.

No. 678.—Maurice Jókai (Jókai Mór) is the popular novelist of Hungary—what Dickens is to England or Dumas to France. He was born at Komárom, Feb. 18, 1825, was educated at Presbourg and at Pesth, and is familiar with the Greek, German, French, English and Italian languages. He had published a volume of verses at ten years of age. His literary output is tremendous—more than one hundred and fifty volumes, of which twenty-three are great novels; seven, dramas; forty-five, a collection of some three hundred and fourteen short stories or novelettes; besides constant contributions to newspapers, some of which he founded, wrote, and edited 'with no one at sea with him, but himself.' Amongst these are the *Hon (Patria)*, a political journal which he founded in 1863; the *Igazságot (Truth)*, a popular journal; and the *Uchikassch (Comet)*. His novels have been translated principally into German. Some further details may be found in Vapereau's 'Dictionnaire des Contemporains,' but these notes may be of use as corrections and addenda. Vapereau is not Gospel.

NEW YORK CITY.

B. P. H.

No. 678.—T. will find a short sketch of Jókai's life and works with a selection from his novel 'Terrible Days' (describing the horrible condition of Hungary while laboring under a combination of the European politics of 1831 and a visitation of the cholera) in Vol. I. of the *Zimmerman Sisters' Half-Hours with Foreign Novelists*. London: Chatto & Windus.

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.

J. L.

No. 679.—A typographical error in our last issue turned the name of Sandys into Landys.

No. 681.—'Reminiscences of Levi Coffin'—probably the book inquired for by O. D. Robinson—is for sale by Robert Clarke & Co., of Cincinnati.

WESTTOWN, PA.

W. W. DEWEES.

IMPORTANT.—When you visit or leave New York City, save Baggage Expressage and Carriage Hire, and stop at the *Grand Union Hotel*, opposite Grand Central Depot. Six hundred Elegant rooms, fitted up at a cost of one million dollars, reduced to \$1 and upwards per day. European Plan. Elevator. Restaurant supplied with the best. Horse-cars, stages and elevated railroad to all depots. Families can live better for less money at the Grand Union Hotel than at any other first-class hotel in the city.

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"Mr. Armitage has, in addition to good matter in his discourses, the charm of a clear, forcible, vivid, and often epigrammatic style, and the large class of general readers, in this now fashionable department of art, will find him particularly enjoyable and serviceable."—*Home Journal* (New York).

II. **THE EARLY SPANISH MASTERS.** A Series of Studies in Spanish Art. By EMELYN W. WASHBURN, author of "Early English Literature." 8vo, with eight full-page plates, \$2.

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